

#### Territorial Items.

The roof of the new court house at Hillsborough is now going up.

Mrs. Nels Warrington and little boy left Lonsburg for Tombstone, where she will visit friends.

The Albuquerque Citizen calls for an early Territorial convention to name the delegate for congress.

The new school trustees at Hillsborough contemplate building a two-story brick public school building to cost \$8,000.

J. S. P. Robinson, of North Percha, has entered the race for the republican nomination for sheriff of Sierra county.

Quite a heavy rain fell Sunday evening at Dona Ana, which grew in intensity as it extended eastward and southward through the Organ range.

Elise Garcia was assaulted with a club Sunday night at Las Cruces and seriously injured by a blow on the head. His assailant was arrested, and is in jail.

A light shower of rain fell at Las Cruces on Sunday evening. Gentle rains greatly improve the flavor of grapes which promise an abundant yield in the near future.

A little frame house in Hillsborough, formerly the property of Jim Conely and wife, caught fire in some unaccountable way and was burned to the ground.

Mr. Will Heddin, killed at the Jarrillas mountains a rattlesnake, which measures five and a half feet in length, and four and a half inches in diameter—with 18 rattles and a button.

The manager of the "Lady Franklin" mine, at Kingston, has had several opportunities lately to lease the property to outside parties, but the London, England, owners will not consent.

David S. Provost died in Brooklyn, New York. For a number of years he was manager of the Red Lake and Coyote Valley Cattle company, in which his father was largely interested, and had his headquarters at White Oaks.

A new town called Mormontville has been started near the mine bearing the same name on the other side of the Organ mountains. Already there are 25 or 30 tents of prospectors for gold from White Oaks and surrounding country.

It is reported that Hon. S. W. Dorsey sold his Chico Springs home, on the 21st ult., to Dr. Seward, of New York. Consideration not made public. Dr. Seward will use his new holding as a health resort, and will immediately fit it up for that purpose.

The case of D. Soper vs. E. V. B. Hoes, et al, involving an interest in the Kangaroo mine was before Judge McPherson last week on the hearing for an injunction, which was denied. Messrs. Conway, Parker and Newcomb, representing the plaintiff and Judge Warren the defendants.

Mrs. Juana Conklin, aged ninety-two years, breathed her last at Santa Fe. She was the relict of the late Hon. James Conklin, a well-known pioneer citizen, and a native of Canada, who settled in Santa Fe in 1834, and the mother of Sheriff Chas. M. Conklin and Mrs. Clementine Ortiz.

The Denning Ore Company is now ready to do assaying and make chemical determinations for iron, silver, zinc, manganese, and all the common ores, and expects in the very near future to be receiving ores. The delay in actively starting up the works has been caused by the lack of necessary side tracks and switches.

Dr. W. C. Bowman, father-in-law, telegrapher, ex-editor of the Republican, and of Las Cruces, house at the Bijou, San Francisco, at the ratification meeting of the people's party of that city—a report of which is printed in the San Francisco Examiner.

Last Sunday evening lightning struck J. H. Drake's residence situated below the lower camp of Huerfano. The bolt penetrated the roof of the house, passed through a pair of "unmentionables" that hung on the wall on the inside of the building, and then down the barrel of a rifle and only ceased its mad career when it encountered the proprietor's hard boiled hat where it lodged. No one was in the house at the time.

Conductor—Your ticket, please! Tramp—Me face is me ticket, pardner. Conductor—All right; then I'll have to punch it!—New York Herald.

#### Cattle Notes.

D. M. Walker passed through Pecos Monday of last week with 1,700 head of the Eddy cattle that he is driving into Colorado.

Heavy rains fell in the vicinity of Las Vegas during the week. The range over the plains on the mesa to the east of Las Vegas is fine.

Mrs. Mary Sullivan, of Dona Ana county, sold her stock of cattle to T. G. Hendrick at \$5 per head all round, and for all over six months old.

J. L. Heath, the well known feeder of Peabody, Kansas, has closed a trade with the Prairie Cattle Company for 1,000 feeders. The price is understood to have been \$21 per head.

Reports from Fort Sumner are to the effect that the range in fearfully dry, there being but little outside water. Grass is good, but cannot be reached unless rains come to fill up the lakes.

Col. W. S. Hopewell, manager of the Las Animas Cattle Company, reports that rains have materially improved the cattle situation in Sierra county, and that the Lord appears to be on the side of the cattlemen.

The Two-Cross roundup of the George Thompson stock was at Navajo Springs Monday on the way to the San Juan to work up. Receiver Thos. H. Lawrence made a drive last week of 400 head of stock to Durango to ship to the company's range seventy-five miles from Denver. This is the third shipment that Mr. Lawrence has made from the La Plata, and the work will go on until the entire brand is transferred. Bill Thompson has charge of the roundup.

If Governor Prince cannot decide between the several republican applicants for membership in the cattle sanitary board, he would do well to relieve its partisan complexion by the appointment of a democrat in the place made vacant by Col. Hudson's resignation. Col. W. S. Hopewell, who is not himself an applicant, but is urged by his friends among the cattlemen for appointment, because they know his ability as a business man, his thorough identification with the cattle industry of the Territory, and his convenience to the headquarters of the board, should be chosen.—Stock Grower.

The export returns in full for the fiscal year ending June 30 are now available. From them are to be learned many things of interest to the producing public, and in it all is a little encouragement for cattlemen. In that year the total number of cattle exported alive was 380,177, against 355,878 in the preceding year. In the past year we sent out more live cattle than in any preceding year except the one ending June 30, 1890, when the total exceeded 400,000 head. Last year, too, prices were decidedly better than for some years previous, the average export value per head having been \$90, against \$82.32 in the year preceding.

A few years ago it was predicted by those who usually look on the dark side of things, that Montana ranges had been eaten so close that the grass would never grow again. Last year was a wet one in the spring, and there were shipped from Montana ranges over 200,000 fat cattle, two and a half times as many as were shipped the previous year. This year has been most favorable for pasturage and ranching, and while the number of cattle shipped will probably not be so great, the grass is grown and will keep till next year, and if 1893 should be a bad year for grass, what is left over will fatten a large number of steers. Montana ranges will never cease growing grass while the snows and the rains fall.—Montana Journal.

The situation of the Texas cattle market gets more deplorable each day. The run of 37,000 head last week, and a drop of 40¢ to 50¢ in prices, seem to have no effect whatever in discouraging shipments. When Texas breaks loose it is time to climb a tree and get out of the way. The receipts at three principal Texas markets last week footed up about 75,000 head of cattle from the Lone Star state. At this rate it certainly wouldn't take long to make a telling effect on the Texas crop. It does seem a little strange that everybody should be seized with a desire to ship at once, but it is barely possible that the recent crazy advance had something to do with it. Late advices from Texas are to the effect that every available car is being eagerly engaged for shipments.—Chicago Journal.

#### Fruit in New Mexico.

Stock Grower.

All that New Mexico has to do to insure for herself a conspicuous place in the front rank of the fruit growing districts of the United States is to make the real merits of her fruits known to the public. It requires only a practical test to satisfy anyone that our fruits are superior to those of California in everything except looks, and when they have been introduced they have always taken, and held, the first place. This fact is sufficient warrant for the conclusion that this Territory is destined to be regarded, in time, as one of the greatest fruit growing districts on the continent. We have a range of conditions enabling us to produce a great variety of fruits, and in the greatest degree of perfection—our northern sections yielding apples as fine as can be produced in New England or Michigan, while our southern and central districts produce peaches, plums, grapes and apricots which are not surpassed in quality by the products of any quarter of the world. These facts are established beyond danger of successful contradiction, and what we need now is advertising—for it is no less important for the state to advertise its resources than for the merchant to advertise his wares. We must make our advantages and our capabilities known; we must give the public satisfactory evidence of the fact that we can produce good fruit, and plenty of it; and in this way we can extend the market for our products, and increase the number of those engaged in this industry. It is to our interest to use every means within our reach for this purpose, and there is no other avenue open to us through which we can accomplish so much in this line, with so little outlay of money or effort, as through a good display of our products at the Territorial Fair. Visitors will be in attendance at that exhibition from various parts of the country, and they will come, many of them, for the express purpose of seeing for themselves what the country can produce; and since "the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it," if we want to convince the public that we can raise good fruit, the most satisfactory evidence we can present is the fruit itself. Very attractive premiums are offered in this line, but our enterprising fruit grower will hold the general good of the Territory above every other consideration, and everyone who can aid in building up the reputation of New Mexico as a fruit country should consider it a pleasure, as well as a duty to do so, by making a display of his products.

#### Mummified Victims of War.

El Paso Herald.

A South American traveler says that on the battle-field of Tarapaca, in the Arden desert, the dead are still lying just as they fell in the sanguinary conflict between the Chileans and Peruvians many years ago. There were 4,000 men and about 1,000 horses killed in the fight, and they were buried in the haste of the victorious Chileans to escape from the waterless desert. It never rains in Tarapaca, and the sun has dried the corpses, and the nitrate in the soil has preserved them, and upon the plateau 5,000 mummies lie in ghastly confusion, with broken swords and bayonets all as fresh looking as on the day of that memorable battle. There is no bird or beast or insect in that terrible desolation, and if nobody interferes with the relics they will remain the same for centuries.

According to the census bulletins the aggregate wealth of the United States is \$63,648,000,000, which is over thirteen billions more than the wealth of Great Britain, which is the next wealthiest nation in the world.

It is estimated that the thirty-five railroads which enter Chicago will expend \$110,000,000 in increasing and improving their equipment and facilities for transporting World's Fair visitors and freight.

San Bernardino county, Cal., is contemplating the exhibition at the World's Fair, of a "palace" of native salt, using blocks of crystallized salt that measure 12 by 12 inches and are transparent.

"What do you think of that?" asked Twynn as he and Triplett watched a mama spanking a child. "It's the same old story." "What same old story?" "A woman at the bottom of it!"—Judge.

A Leaky Sausage Apparatus.

A little lady walked into a butcher shop and asked for two pounds of beefsteak. When he had weighed she told the butcher to put it in the mincing machine and chop it up so that she could make meat balls out of it for dinner. The meat expert, quite an ordinary looking man, entirely unsuited to be the hero of a story like this, followed the instructions, minced the meat and handed it in a paper to the customer. Then he turned in his matter of fact way to attend to a man new to housekeeping who was inquiring if he had any nice mutton steak, and if so how much it was a yard.

The little lady looked at the minced meat and asked the butcher to weigh it again. He did so, and there was just 1 1/2 pounds.

"There!" said the little lady indignantly. "Your sausage machine has stolen a quarter of a pound of my steak. I've suspected that machine for a long time. You've got to make it good."

"I will not," retorted the butcher. "It's a case of natural wear and tear. Maybe some of the weight of the steak has vanished in the process to which it has been subjected, but there's two pounds of nourishment there."

"The machine either leaks or there's a secret trap that steals my steak," the little lady insisted. "I won't take the meat till it weighs two pounds."

And she didn't.—New York Herald.

#### A Parrot Seldom Forgets.

A maiden lady once had a fine talking bird, but, being subjected to headaches, she often put him in the kitchen. The cook objected and said to Polly, "You horrid thing, I wish you were dead." Polly soon learned this, and when his mistress got better and took him to her room, he said, "You horrid thing, I wish you were dead."

This shocked the delicate little lady. One day she met her rector, and after he had inquired about her health, he said, "How is Polly?"

Then she told him how Polly had affected her nerves. The rector said: "Send him to spend a month with my bird. He may forget it."

She immediately accepted his offer. In due time Polly was sent home, and as soon as his mistress went to the cage, Polly saluted her with: "You horrid thing, I wish you were dead. We leeches there to hear us, good Lord!"—New York Recorder.

#### In an English Railway Train.

First Artist—Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used.

Second Artist (in a hoarse whisper)—Well, I was at Bodge's yesterday. He'd just knocked off three little girls' heads—horrid raw things! a dealer came in, sir, bought 'em directly—look 'em away, wet as they were, on the stretchers and wanted Bodge to let him have some more next week.

Old Lady putting her head out of the window, a parrot—Good girl, guard, stop the train and let me out, or I'll be murdered.—London Tit-Bits.

#### Deposits of London.

A Kansas City paper says that there is a boulder in the Ozarks which will attract a hundred thousand feet away, and that along the line of the fifth principal meridian, in the counties of Carter, Reynolds, Iron and Washington, the lines of east and west surveys are deflected from the true course several degrees, the needle being affected by the deposits of London.

Hebrew tradition says that the tablets of Moses were of sapphires. In Hebrew the word sapphir means the most beautiful. It symbolizes loyalty, justice, beauty and nobility.

It is an unvarnished exhibition of canine equestrianism to be seen on the streets of Chicago almost any day, which has fully as much of even more real merit about it than one will see in similar displays that are made in any of the "greatest shows on earth." The performer is an exceptionally intelligent water spaniel, and he is a rider of skill. His act consists, in a word, of riding a delivery wagon horse whose driver usually enforces a poll mull gait.

The spaniel sits his mount with his hind feet on the horse's collar, or where the collar would come, and his front feet, one ahead of the other, on the narrow ridge of the horse's neck, his claws clutched in the mane. The faster the horse goes the better the dog seems to like it, judging from his many barks and lively way in which he wags his tail. The sudden rounding of a corner never catches the plucky little animal off his guard, but at such times he will "curve" with apparent intelligence and grace, and so never loses his balance. He has fallen but once in the two years that his owner says he has been riding, and that was when the horse came near being killed by a cable car.

The horse never goes so well as when carrying the dog, and that of course means that horse and dog are warm friends. Woe to the person or animal who bothers either of them when the other is around, for between the kicking of the horse and the biting of the dog the two old chums make it exceedingly unpleasant for intruders.—Chicago Tribune.

#### The Clever Dog.

A large, healthy bulldog was sitting to-day unweariedly on the dog catcher's wagon, which came rattling down the street at that moment. Suddenly the fatal rattle shot out, but the dog dodged it and made a bee line for the man who handled it. Then ensued an exciting chase, which was much enjoyed by the populace in the vicinity.

The dog catcher is never very popular with people in general. In this instance he succeeded in clambering into his wagon minus his coatails.

A skirmish then ensued, which ended in the speedy triumph of the dog, who retired to repose on his laurels. The dog catcher came back from ignominious flight a few minutes later, however, and human ingenuity soon triumphed over brute courage. The dog was lassoed and taken to the pound with other unfortunate.

But here the innate sense of justice in man steps in to even up things. Several admiring citizens had viewed the actions of the dog, and when he was carted away they took up a subscription, sent out to the pound, ransomed the animal and provided him with a home.

It is a little comical like this that makes life seem worth living even to the most dissatisfied individual.—Chicago Globe.

#### Don'ts for Grammarians.

Do not say "He speaks bad grammar," but "He uses poor English."

Not "I am real ill," but "I am really ill."

Not "I feel bad," but "I feel badly."

Not "Hadin' ought," but "Shouldn't have."

Do not begin all remarks with an exclamation such as "Well!" "Say!" "Oh!" Do not say "I'm going, I don't believe," but "I'm not going, I believe."

Not a "free pass," but a "pass;" not "New Beginners," but "Beginners;" not "Elevated up," but "Elevated."

Not "I am through, dinner," but "I have finished dinner."

Not "It is too salty," but "It is too salt."

Not "It is tasty," but "It is tasteful."

Not "Light completed," but "Light complexioned."

Not "He don't come to see me," but "He doesn't come to see me."

Not "Who are you going with?" but "Whom are you going with?"

Not incorrectly "She wrote to Nell and I," when you say correctly "She wrote to me."—City and Country.

"Like Master, Like Man."

"Look heah, Sambo—has you got dat ar dollar 'n a half you owes me?"

"Goodness gracious, Cesar, I hasn't, dat's a fact."

"No, look heah, I see you's gwine to swindle me out ob dat ar money."

"No, I a'n't, Cesar—I swar I a'n't."

"Den why ha'n't you paid it? Why isn't ye got it now, eh?"

"Well, ole man, de fac' is, dar's been a mighty big corner in gold, an de bulls an de b'ars hab been cuttin up so dat de money's all locked up."

"Locked up what?"

"Why—in de banks, ob course."

"Now jus' hole on, ole Glibberted. What, in de name ob goodness gracious, hab you got to do wid de banks, an wid gold, an wid bulls an b'ars in a corner? Tell us dat!"

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#### Willing to Stop.

Matron—Mr. Niccelfo, I dislike to scold, but I really must. You ought to know better than to keep my daughter standing in that cold front hall half an hour, saying good night to her, as you did last night, and as you do every time you come. This morning she has a terrible cold, and her lungs are not strong, you know.

Mr. Niccelfo—My goodness! Is she sick?

Matron—No, but she's had a narrow escape. Now these long drawn out good nights have got to stop.

Mr. Niccelfo—Indeed they must, my dear madam. I'll go right out for a clergyman.—New York Weekly.

#### Good Dentistry by a Cow.

An Oak Hill (Litchfield) man had an aching tooth out in a novel manner the other day. He was removing a pole from a cow, when the animal threw up her head, striking the bow pin which he held in his hand against one of the lower front teeth, knocking it out. It happened to be the one that had been aching.—Winthrop (Conn.) Banner.

#### Materials for Glass.

For making the best mirrors the necessary silica is obtained from ordinary white quartz, while common window panes are produced from sand made to a large extent.—Washington Star.

#### A Large Cave was Recently Discovered

in Montana which contained the bones of hundreds of animals that had fallen into it and were unable to escape.

#### SHOULD CANINE EQUESTRIANISM.

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**CLAIRETTE SOAP!**

There's banks of violets, Banks of moss,  
And banks where miners grope;  
And banks that handle golden coin,  
But FAIRBANK makes THE BEST SOAP.

EVERY ONE USES CLAIRETTE SOAP. N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. ST. LOUIS.

#### Wanted to Thank the Box Office Man.

I remember, as a law student, dining with Wills at the Cook in Fleet street, and inducing him to take me to a theater afterward. He was loath to go. He loved to take his ease in his inn; but his good nature was stronger than his sloth. We arrived at the theater very late. A locum tenens occupied the booking office. Wills handed his card, and asked that we might be given seats. The young man could not take upon himself to pass us. The acting manager was away. Wills gave a sigh of relief, but I was more strenuous, and insisted that the card should reach the proper official.

We were given the best seats in the house. It was not an historical play, and Wills sat it through very stolidly. As we came out and passed the booking office he paused for a moment. "I am looking for that kind hearted young man," he said, "who was for not letting us in; I would like to give him a shilling." And he meant it.—Pall Mall Mall Gazette.

#### A Horrid Man.

In a debate on the woman question a horrid man said: "No man in his senses loves a petticoated philosopher or wants to have anything to do with her. I would as soon hug a grizzly bear as to touch such a woman, and I would as soon go on a stroll looking arms with a locomotive as to try to keep company with such a woman." And it never occurred to the old porcupine that all the women just as soon he would too.—New York Sun.

#### Saving a Stamp.

Mamma—Why did you put two stamps on this letter? One would have been plenty.

Little Tommy—One of the stamps was torn, and I didn't want to waste it.—Good News.

#### The Earliest Lighthouses.

Fire towers at the entrances to ports were established in the earliest historic times. Beacons were built on top of them at night.—Washington Star.

Ought to be smaller—the great, grumpy, old-fashioned pill. There's too much unpleasantness for the money. Ought to be better, too. They're big enough, and make trouble enough, to do more good.

That's just what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do,—more good. Instead of weakening the system, they renovate it; instead of upsetting, they cleanse and regulate it; mildly, gently, and naturally. They're the original "Little Liver Pills"—the best, but most effective, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and easiest to take. Only one little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attack, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're the cheapest pills you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get. It's a plan peculiar to Dr. Pierce's medicine.

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BUYERS OF ALL CLASSES OF  
COPPER ORES AND MATTES  
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**J. CROCKET GIVENS,**  
Proprietor of the

**PALACE SALOON!**  
CENTRAL N. M.  
The Choicest of  
Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

**SOUTHERN HOTEL**  
DAVID ABRAHAM, Prop.  
FURNISHED ROOMS. BATHS FREE.  
DAILY  
STAGE LINE  
—From—  
SILVER CITY  
—To—  
PORT HAYARD, CENTRAL AND SANTA RITA TO GEORGETOWN.

Stages arrive daily in Silver City on the departure of train, carrying passengers, mail and express, and leave Silver City daily on arrival of train, carrying passengers, mail and express.

OFFICES:  
At Silver City—In the Express Office.  
At Georgetown—In the Post Office.  
W. M. MURPHY, Manager  
Silver City, N. M.

#### BRANDS OF Southwest Cattlemen.

**W. S. RANCH.**  
P. O. Alma, Socorro County, N. M. Range, San Francisco River, Socorro County.

We claim all cattle and horses branded W S on any part of the animal, also claim all horses and cattle branded C S on both jaws.

All increase of cattle branded W S on left hip or side and C S on both jaws. Underneath each ear.

\$1,000 REWARD.  
We desire to call attention to our brands as above described. We will pay \$1,000 reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons unlawfully handling any stock in these ranges.

**CF** on left side.  
Range: Silver City, N. M.  
P. O. Address, Silver City, N. M.

Range: East Bear Mountain four miles north of Silver City.  
P. O. Address, FRANK SILVERMAN, Silver City, N. M.

Range: Lower Middle Gila and west of left hip. Additional brands circle left side, cross on left hip, 24 connected, HAIT, old brand, 24 connected, circle, is displa cut on shoulde.

Horse Brand Right Thigh  
P. O. Address, HART BROS., Lordsburg, N. Mexico

(Sometimes on side on Right Hip.  
Range: Upper Mimbres.  
P. O. Address, J. M. HICKS, Georgetown, N. M.

Range: Vicinity of Hot and Warm Springs.  
P. O. Address, GEO. WILLIAMS, Hudson, N. M.

Postoffice, Silver City, N. M.  
Range: Whiskey Creek.

Range: East side Mogollon moun-tain, on Negrita Creek. Additional brand—single rail left side.

Horse brand N left hip.

**RED FRONT BARBER SHOP,**  
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**"THE CAVE,"**  
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